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W758

Windom

J. H. Stevenson

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"WINDOM,"

A TRIBUTE,

BY

J. H. STEVENSON.

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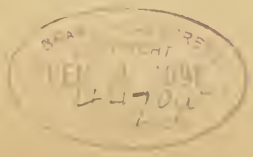

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THE stillness of death filled the banqueting hall,
And mantle of sadness the guests overspread,
A deep cloud of sorrow dropped over them all,
As lowly 'twas whispered that Windom was dead.
Ah, little they thought, as they greeted with pride,
The great financier, as he rose to the floor,
That shadow unseen had crept close to his side,
And silently death had stole in at the door.

NO more will his eloquence sound in the hall,
Which people so greatly delighted to hear ;
No more from his lips, like sweet music will fall,
Brave words of encouragement, comfort, and cheer.
His tongue now is silent, and hushed is his voice ;
His honored career has been brought to a close,
And he, who was wont to make others rejoice,
Now sleeps in embrace of eternal repose.

AS true as the needle that points to the pole,
So Windom was true to his every trust;
His greatness of heart, and his greatness of soul,
Prevented his being unkind or unjust.
A friend to the poor, who for succor would plead;
His ear ever open to suffering's call;
His hand ever ready to help those in need;
His face ever beaming with kindness for all.

IN sadness, the head of the Nation is bowed,
And gathering tears dim his sorrowful eye,
His soul is enveloped in grief like a shroud,
A star has gone out from his beautiful sky.
Hereafter, in Cabinet Councils convened,
The wisdom of Windom no longer will shine;
No longer will clouds, when they rise on the scene,
Dissolve 'neath the light of his luminous mind.

AND thee, Minnesota, in all coming years,
Remember the glory and honor he won,
Bring garlands of flowers bedewed with thy tears,
To place on the grave of thy true, noble son.
Though statues of bronze may be raised to his fame,
And cold, silent marble his virtues may tell,
Yet shrines more enduring will rise to his name,
In hearts of the people who loved him so well.

WINDOM, O! Windom, kind, noble, and true,
The Nation now mourns thee so faithful and brave,
The earth may enshroud thee, but tears shed for you,
Like dew-drops from Heaven, will water thy grave ;
Unlooked for, unthought of, yet sudden thy fall,
Like soldier and hero, you died at your post ;
The trumpet was sounded, you answered the call,
And Heaven has gained what the Nation has lost.

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MAY thine be the rest of the sanctified dead,
And sweetly above thee may bright flowers bloom;
Still green be the sod that lies over thy head,
And zephyrs from Heaven blow over thy tomb.
Though gone from us here to that beautiful land,
Where love's shining banner is ever unfurled,
In bright golden letters forever will stand,
The name that, untarnished, thou 'st left to the world.

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